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**T**ake Coach and to Hide-Park,  
 There Rebel till 'tis dark,  
 Then with all speed the next tavern we find;  
 Whither we straight repair,  
 Treated with sumptuous fare,  
 And whatsoe'r we want have at command:  
 Officers and wine are free,  
 Or whatsoe'r we see,  
 Still when we call for it's ready at hand.

Poor Husbands they know not,  
 That Money pays the Shot,  
 While that in Homs we return it agen;  
 Ignorant of the case,  
 Whilst we their fore-heads grace,  
 And do adorn their Brows with a high Crest;  
 They'l not at Base rapine,  
 Whilst their wives feast with wine,  
 But think that all they do is for the best.

Whilst their Dames Rant and sing,  
 And close about us cling,  
 Panting long time we lye in loves embrace  
 For which their Gold they spend,  
 And what we make 'um lend  
 Free without Bond or scruple sign,  
 And empty all their store,  
 Let Husbands work for us,  
 Friends shall be sure to buy their coin.

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Whilst they keep on their pace,  
 And the Homs saddles grace,  
 Of what they possess there's nought that  
 then who would be Harry D,  
 Continually heard,  
 When loves sweet accents so plentiful flow,  
 That Passions and Pleasures,  
 We take at our leisure,  
 And can abide them when weary we grow.

While we free from those cares,  
 That a Husband still fears,  
 Frothings and poutings from wives when  
 till the fools Homs give, (please  
 that they quiet may lye,  
 Which on their Gallants so kindly bestows  
 For the which we embrace,  
 And let Homs on their lye,  
 Whilst the lov'd silver procures us fine cloath.

The poor Homs confides,  
 And for Christening provides,  
 And by the Cradle a Rocking he sits;  
 Then let Sots be confin'd  
 Into false women kind,  
 But we'r resolv'd to Court single bells,  
 And to pity his case,  
 Who with Donny's face,

Shakes for his wife head by head.